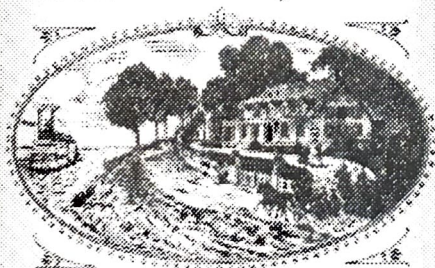


# The Omen

*A couple of  
things to do  
over Jan. term.*

**SOUTHERN COMFORT**

*The Grand Old Drink of the South*



*Originated on the Banks of the Mississippi  
in New Orleans, Louisiana, U.S.A.*

**SOUTHERN COMFORT COMPANY**

NOT BLENDED WITHOUT 100% OF GRAIN ALCOHOL

*100% Grain Alcohol*

20, 40 & 50% ALC/VOL

*By Royal Warrant*

**KNOB  
CREEK**

**straight bourbon  
WHISKEY**

**PROOF 100**

**aged  
nine  
years**

**9**

35-1428-02



# The Omen

Volume 6, Number 12  
January 12, 1996

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Ben Sanders.....Production Editor  
Scott Matz.....Graphics Editor  
Emily Belz.....Graphics Editor  
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Rivka Magee.....Stuck in Detroit

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Joy Mahoney

**"Words are just words."  
-Luther Campbell**

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Dreams  
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Things  
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and Staff's Children's  
Artwork!!!  
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## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 300 times. What better way to be heard?



## Zen and the Art of Headlines

Hello, everyone. I don't know about you all, but I'm loving this Jan. Term. I'm taking two classes, but I'm quite relaxed. As a matter of fact, I'm writing this editorial in a very... zen way. Yup, I'm just lounging around in my new (and only) pair of pajamas that I got for Christmas (thanks Mom and Dad), sipping my Ceylon breakfast tea, eating pretzel Goldfish, and listening to The Fat Boys.

The Omen? I've just finished scanning everything in (about 10 hours after I should have brought the completed Omen to Duplications). Ahh, if I don't get it in on Wednesday, I'll put it in on Thursday. It's the first time the Omen's ever been put out in Jan. Term anyway. It's hard for me to hear over all your clamoring for a new issue, but just remember: The Omen is a privilege, not a right.

Anyway, I've been working on The Omen Historical Archives on the internet, which I recommend to you all if you have absolutely positively nothing better to do. Right now it contains a cross-referenced index of most of Volume 5 and all of Volume 6 with more to come. It's also the new home of the backissues page, plus the editorial lineage, The

Omen's mission, and most importantly, my own STICK FIGURE ARCHIVE!!! Soon to come: Great moments in Omen history (no, seriously). You can find it at - "<http://hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/archives.html>". Enjoy.

Speaking of the internet, I got a nice message from Brian K. Momchilov who runs the Andy Kaufman Home Page. It's always nice to see that there are people who care enough to write. In case if you have been curious about the life or death of this brilliant comedian/performance artist/amature wrestler, you should really check out the page. It's very thorough (especially given the fact that a lot of Kaufman's life remains a mystery on several levels), enlightening, and entertaining. Check it out at - "<http://fly.hiwaay.net/~bkm/akhome.htm>".

I spent 9 hours in the Music and Dance Building today. Man it's hot in those studios. What? Oh, I see. You don't care? Fuck you.

I'm sorry, that wasn't very... zen of me.

I got The Who's new box set for Christmas too. Damn, Keith Moon was a good drummer. Man, Pete Townshend is

bitter. Gosh, "So Sad About Us" (The Breeders DID NOT do that first, Jerky), "I Can See for Miles", "Baba O'Riley", and "You Better You Bet" are amazing songs. Golly, The Who were quite good. Incidentally, The Who could destroy more equipment per year than 10 Nirvanas in both of their heydays. Everyone thinks that all the British Invasion bands were sissies. No, not The Who. Speaking of which, did you know that The Who are banned from all Holiday Inn hotels for life? Now that's bad-ass.

Now I'm thinking about the root canal I am going to have in a few weeks. At least the dentist is a mere two blocks away from the Shawmut in Amherst Center. I have to go for three visits. that's no fun.

Well, enough about me, it's time to start getting this issue together. Just to make life easier for everyone, this issue of The Omen will feature: MOSTLY PICTURES!!! I respect the fact that it's Jan. Term, and I don't want to work any of you too hard.

**Jonathan Land  
Managing Editor (but  
more... zen than that sounds)  
The Omen**



# SECTION HATE

## Happy Friggin' New Year

Section Hate - 08 January  
1996

Can I just say something, before we get down and dirty in this fabulous new year? Can I just say one tiny little thing? Fuck you, I'm going to say it anyway. That thing is this: it is snowing way too fucking much. Right now, as I'm writing this, it is snowing to beat the band, in fact, it's been snowing all through the ever-loving night, dumping some ridiculous amount of fresh new powder onto the already very-white ground. Right now, the snow is piled up outside my window - *not under* my window, but directly *outside* my window. I could open my window and step out onto the snow. *Fep.*

You know, JanTerm isn't even six days old yet, and already I'm starting to feel like the lost member of the Donner party. I'm starting to look at my modmates in a wholly unnerving way. They're starting to look like hamburgers, great half-pounders cooked over an open flame. With lots of ketchup and mustard. Pickles, tomatoes, lettuce. A nice big water roll. Maybe a nice big order of steak fries on the side, liberally doused with vinegar and salt.

Oh, jeez. JanTerm is so fucked.

Anyway...Happy New Year and all that. We're over halfway done with the nineties, can you believe that happy-crappy? Don't tell me, I'll fuckin tell you. Slowly (but not so slowly), inexorably creeping toward the turn of the century, the turn of the millenium. 2000. You know, on my driver's licence, it says that the expiration date is 12/01/00. Aught-aught. Isn't that just the weirdest shit? It fucks me up just thinking about it. And then there are all the doom-criers, waiting anxiously for 1999 to come about so they can take to the streets in all their foul-smelling glory, quoting the Bible and screaming "Armageddon is nigh! Have *YOU* prepared yourself for the Day of Judgment?", all the while foamy spittle flying from their lips, making them look like a pack of rabid dogs. Or maybe that's from a movie. Maybe it'll just be a bunch of Moonies or weird Korean Christian Mission things taking out full-page ads in the *New York Times* and *Time*. They did that back in 1992, I know that - don't remember exactly who it was, but I remember they didn't have the firmest grasp on English that I've seen. But, hey, who needs English when faced with certain destruction? Armageddon: the universal language.

Please forgive the wandering, rambling nature of this week's column. I'm starting to sound a little like that Treppen character, but, unlike Treppen, I like punctuation. For the most part.

So, it is written into my contract (section 13, subsection Q, Paragraph 42, clause A10) that, at some point in the January of a new year, I must touch upon, at least in part, the year that has just past in one of my columns. Well, I signed the damn thing, now, didn't, so I guess I'm just going to have to live up to that part of the bargain (but I won't, no matter what, do that thing with the leather cat-o-nine-tails and freshly-shorn sheep; I've contacted my lawyer, and we're going to fight this, take it to the highest levels if need be). No time like the present, I say. So...fanfare, please...the Year-in-Review!

Everything sucked.

No, that's not true. That's an overbroad generalization. A whole slew of things sucked, but there were some damn good things, too. But, no one wants to hear about the good shit, so let the bad shit fly where it may.

The Contract with America (I'm sorry, it's just a little too treandy, in a leftist sense,

*Continued on next page.*

## Happy Friggin' New Year, Cont.

*Continued from previous page.*

to call it the "Contract on America") was, for the most part, enacted. Newt Gingrich became the most powerful thing since sliced bread, but then, along about September, started taking a back seat to the "Freshman Newties," Republican legislators who got elected in the Republican Revolution of '94. These freshman congressmen are scary - they make Newt look, well, *moderate*, which, for all intents and purposes, he is. Why are we still embroiled in this balanced budget battle? Why is the government still shutdown, when everyone was saying that a balanced budget agreement would be reached by the end of 1995? Look to the Freshman Newties, my friends. Hell, even Newt wants to settle now, and Dole...Jesus Christ, Dole and Clinton are chumming it up now. Never thought I'd live to see the day. No, it's the Freshman Newties, very powerful in Congress already, feeling out their territory, pushing the boundaries of their power, seeing just how much shit they can get away with. Newt Gingrich has created a monster.

Someone should just tell the Newties to sit down and shut the hell up. This is an election year. No one wants to deal with issues now. Mudslinging, dammit, and lots of it! Set Clinton and Dole at each other's throats! That's what the American public wants, for God's sake. Or, at least, that's what the media tells

us we want, which pretty much amounts to the same damn thing, now, doesn't it?

Leaving the realm of straight politics and travelling on to bloodshed and slaughter - that's right, kids, it's Bosnia-Herzegovina time! Well, actually, it's Balkan time, because it seems that that region of Europe is steadily turning into one big, fucked-up conflagration. There is finally some kind of fragile peace in Bosnia (thanks to NATO intervention (which, of course, means US intervention); goddammit, the UN can't get anything right), and even Croatia is kind of quiet again. And, dammit, that's important. The Balkans have been, for years upon years upon years, an old pile of dynamite in the middle of Europe, sweating nitroglycerin and just *waiting* for the right-sized spark to blow the whole of Europe to smithereens. For some God-awful reason, the Balkans can draw Europe into war - look at WWI, for God's sake. It is terribly important that some kind of peace be restored to the region, even if that peace is brought about by the use of brute force...because, if we let Bosnia and Croatia and Serbia go on unchecked, we'll be looking at WWII before the turn of the century. And it won't be a nuclear war - no one is *that* stupid - it would be a conventional war. Of course, conventional warfare has come a long way over the years - so many new and interesting ways to kill on a large scale. In a sense,

a nuclear war would be almost merciful. Think about it.

Moving on...obscenity, always a popular topic, became a hot issue in 1995, culminating, just a few days ago (last week, sometime, I believe) with the banning of 200 USENET newsgroups from CompuServe's system because of an anti-pornography law in *Germany*. A law in Germany is now affecting people world-wide. Hmmm...what the fuck is wrong with this picture? Things like this have been popping up over the past year or so, especially in regards to the Internet. The (Senator) Exon Bill (aka the Communications Decency Act). The fiasco at Cornell a couple of months back, which I wrote about in this column. Even here, Camp Hamp, we have not been immune to this craze. It's been a damn fine year for the freedom of speech, don't tell me, I'll fuckin tell you.

Any-hew, I think it's time I go for this issue. Hey, you got an suggestions? comments? problems? hate mail? Send 'em my way, snagglepuss: box 21 (via snail mail) or jobF92@hamp (via email). Or, what the hell, you could write for The Omen. Who the hell else you gonna write for - The Phoenix? Please.

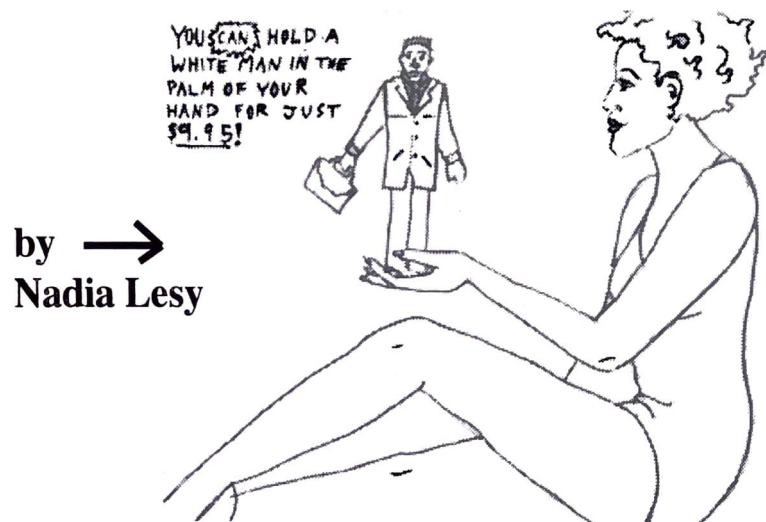
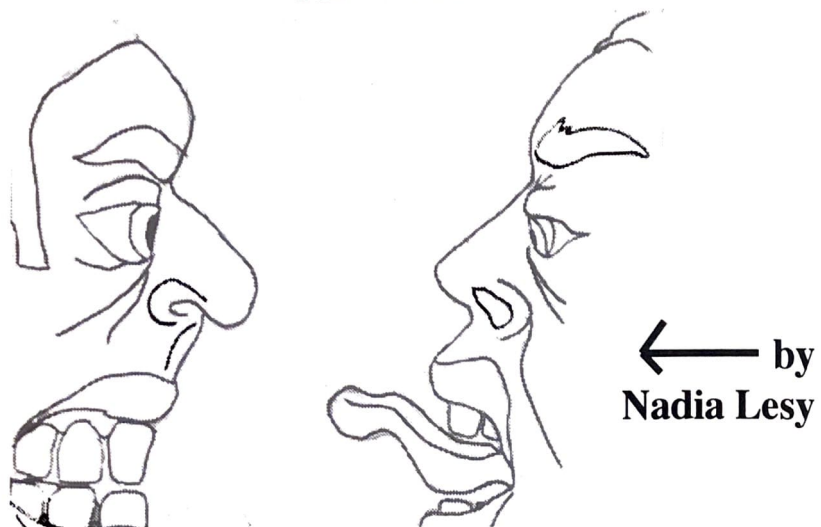
So, till next we meet in this dark alley of issues and rhetoric, remember, kids: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

One good all-American thpph.

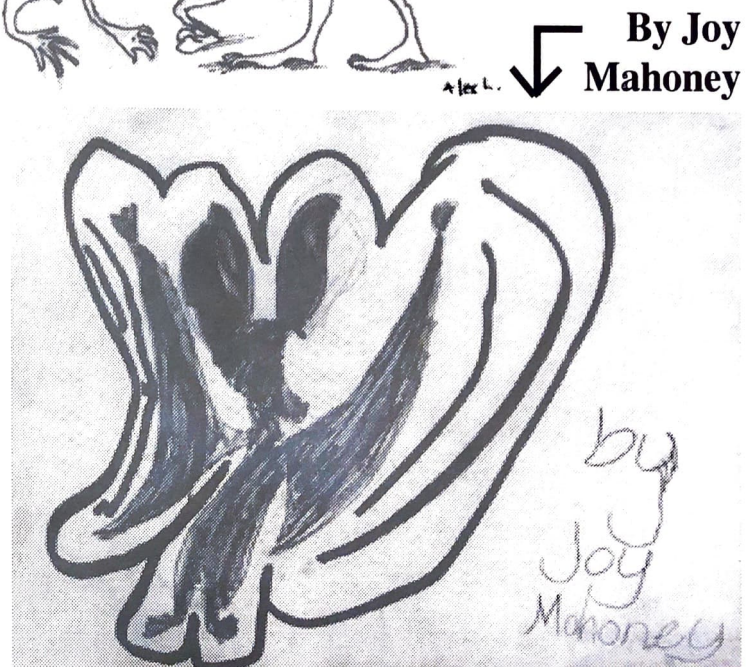
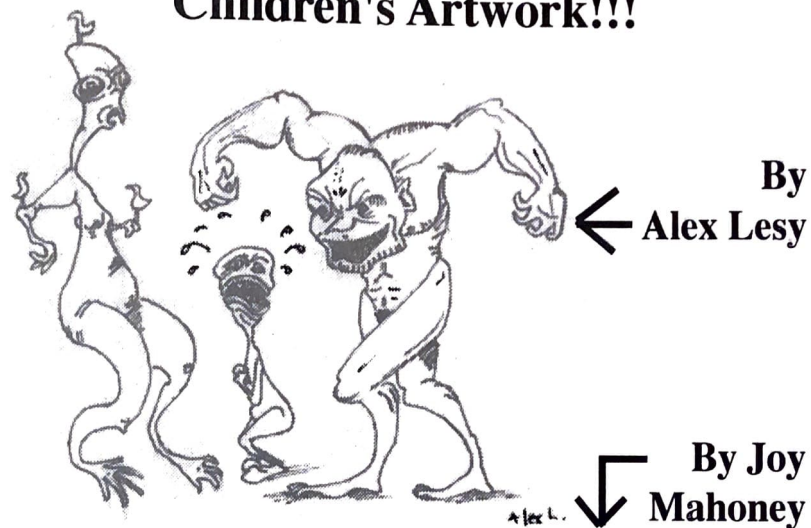
Josh Brassard



## It's Faculty's and Staff's Children's Artwork!!!



## It's MORE Faculty's and Staff's Children's Artwork!!!



# Hamp'enings

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
14 9-11 Sunday Morning Smoothies	15 Martin Luther King Day/Ob- served - No Classes	16 8pm Sex & Selfhood	17	18	19	20
21 9-11 Sunday Morning Smoothies	22	23 8pm Sex & Selfhood	24	25 Jan. Term Classes End	26	27
28 9-11 Sunday Morning Smoothies	29	30 8pm Sex & Selfhood	31 Spring Term Classes Begin	Feb. 1 8pm Activities Fair	2	3
New Student Orientation						

## January 1996

### Sunday Morning Smoothies

Start your Sundays off smoothly - Fresh fruit smoothies, cereal, hot cocoa and slow jazz on the radio. Sundays from 9:30 - 11am in the Greenwich/Enfield House Office (Mod 62).

### RCC Revised Pool

#### Hours

For Jan. Term:  
M-F 12 noon - 2pm &  
4pm - 6pm  
SA-SU 4pm - 6pm.

### Sex & Selfhood: New Issues for Men of Conscience

A four part weekly drop-in discussion series over Jan. Term. Each session begins with a video essay by profeminist author John Sholtenburg (Refusing to be a Man) on the following topics:

1/16 - Male Bonding  
1/23 - Homophobia  
1/30 - Pornography  
ASH - 8pm

### The Negative Space Cafe

Come on over for an espresso drink, a coffee, some doughnuts, cookies, pastries, hot chocolate or tea; than mints - 3 for a dime!

Look around the Library for details about hours.

Located in the Prescott Tavern.

